

the woman first and the human being last. Bjornson believes that an intellectually developed woman with a life work can get on very well by herself. Laura Marholm maintains that apart from man woman is nothing. According to her, woman is a creature of instinct, and this instinct is her most precious possession and of far greater value than the intellect. The six women whom she writes about are the wonderful Russian mathematician who was awarded the *Prix Bordin*; George Egerton, the author of "Neurotic Keynotes"; Eleonora Duse, the greatest and most modern actress that ever lived; Amalie Skram, the woman naturalist; Marie Bashkirtseff, the inspired baby, and A. C. Edgren Lefler, the Swedish exponent of woman's rights. An intuition, sympathetic and loving, has enabled Laura Marholm to show to the world the souls of the women whom she studies. Of the six, she loves Eleonora Duse, Sonia Kovalevsky and Marie Bashkirtseff as only women can love each other. She diagnoses the miseries of a modern woman's soul with unerring success. Speaking of Sonia Kovalevsky's hands, Laura Marholm says: "When she shook hands you felt as if a little bird with a beating heart had fluttered into your hand and out again. * * * Her hands are the hands of a child, with nervous, crooked little fingers, anxiously bent inwards; and in one hand she clasps a book with such visible effort that it makes one's heart ache to look at her."

The hands often afford better material for psychological study than the face, and they give a deeper and more truthful insight into the character because they are less under control. There are people with fine, clear faces, whose hands are like sausages, fleshy and veinless, with thick, stumpy fingers which warn us to beware of the animated mask. And there are round, warm, sensuous faces, with full, almost thick, lips, which are obviously contradicted by pale, blue-veined, sickly-looking hands. The momentary amount of intellectual power which a person has at his disposal can change the face, but the hands are of a more physical nature and their speech is a more physical one. Sonia's face was lit up by the soul in her eyes, which bore witness to the intense interest which she took in everything that was going on around her, but the weak, nerveless, trembling little hands told of the unsatisfied, helpless child who was never to attain the full development of her womanhood."

Of Duse Marholm says: "When Duse is in love, even in 'Fedora,' it is always she who is the little woman and the man is for her the big man, the giver, who holds her happiness in his hands, to whose side she steals anxiously, almost timidly, and looks up at him with her serious, wearied, almost childlike, smile. She comes to him for protection and shelter, just as travelers are wont to gather round a warm fire, and she clings to him carleously with her thin little hands, the hands of a child and mother. Never has woman been represented in a more womanly way than by Eleonora Duse and more than that, I take it upon myself to maintain that woman has never been represented upon the stage until now—by Eleonora Duse. Eleonore Duse's acting tells of infinite suspense. Her entire art rests on this one note, suspense! which means that we know nothing, possess nothing, can do nothing, that everything is ruled by chance and the whole of life is one great uncertainty. This terrible insecurity stands as a perfect contrast to the 'cause and effect' theory of the schools which trust in God and logic and offer a secure refuge to the playwright's art. This mysterious darkness from whence she steps forward like a sleepwalker gives a sickly coloring to her actions. There is

something timid about her; she seems to have an almost superstitious dislike of a shrill sound or a brilliant color, and this peculiarity of hers finds expression, not only in her acting, but also in her dress."

Whatever has been said about women, before, no matter how learned, physiological or psychological, are as a primer of the sex to this last book of knowledge. The long quotations which I have ventured to make are characteristic of the whole book and of her wonderful intuitive knowledge of woman and man.

Random Notes.

Julia Marlowe has somehow never managed to make a lasting impression on the fickle and finicky people of New York. Possibly this is because her formal debut as a star was made in Philadelphia, while her most strenuous advocate was a Chicago man—Eugene Field. Miss Marlowe, or to be more accurate, Mrs. Robert Taber, came to Wallack's Theater, New York, last week and for the first six days of her engagement joined with her husband in the production of "Romeo and Juliet." This came immediately after the visitation of Margaret Mather, who must have spent all the money she got from her temporary husband, young Pabet, on the play "Cymbeline." Nobody here wanted to see the Mather version of "Cymbeline," and the eighteen scenes of that play were shifted nightly in the presence of a house full of empty seats. The prejudice aroused by "Cymbeline," or rather by Miss Mather, had an evil effect on "Romeo and Juliet." Pretty Julia Marlowe, with her dimpled cheeks, tried so hard to attract the crowd in off Broadway, but the crowd, remembering Miss Mather, would have none of Wallack's. To tell the truth, there is no overpowering demand for Shakespeare in this great literary center. It is all that the most modern apostle of sweetness and light—Augustus Daly, can do to get the people to witness his glorified and expurgated representations. You can go to a music hall and see a variety show, yclept vaudeville, for less money than you have to pay to see a Shakespearean play, and there is the added advantage that if you don't like the show you can drown your disappointment in a stein or obscure the offending stage with a cloud of tobacco smoke.

But Monday night Julia Marlowe made a new bid for metropolitan favor and she won in the space of two hours and a half what she had before vainly tried for five years to secure. Literary, artistic, cultured New York, turning from the continuous performance and the impure beer garden for a brief moment, gave Miss Marlowe some consideration, with the result that from this on the charming actress may be reasonably sure of a measure of appreciation from the critical people that have fastened garlands on those promoters of classic idealism, E. E. Rice and Charles H. Hoyt. Miss Marlowe's new play is an adaptation by Francois Coppee, of "Les Jacobites." It has the attractive title of "For Bonnie Prince Charlie." Scotch themes have been rather overdone in this city of late and some of the wise ones prophesied that the subject would not be popular. But the prophets were mistaken. The play turned out to be a really strong and stirring story and Miss Marlowe was able to exhibit unexpected versatility in it. As Mary, a blind beggar's niece, she is to Bonnie Prince Charlie a good genius, monitor, spy, herald and saviour. She loves the bonnie scrapegrace with that enthusiasm and spirit which Miss Marlowe is capable of displaying and she shows considerable power in transitions to graver moods. It is a beautiful play, beautifully acted, and Miss Marlowe has honestly won her success. Robert Taber,

who is a fine actor and a remarkable stage manager, is content with a comparatively small part which, however, he makes effective.

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The following letter has been received by all of the leading newspapers published in this city:

The Commercial Club of Omaha,
OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 10, 1897.

At a meeting of members of this club held to-day the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Members of this club who make frequent trips to the larger cities of the East have noticed the failure of Eastern papers to print Nebraska news other than the highly sensational, while news of general interest from other cities of the West is published by the newspapers of the East; therefore

Be it Resolved, That it is the sense of the Commercial Club of Omaha that the thousands of Nebraskans who visit the East annually, as well as the material interests of this state, are entitled to more generous treatment at the hands of the metropolitan press; that we believe the fault of which we complain is not a matter of design upon the part of Eastern editors, but rather one of oversight; that we believe the legitimate claims of this state will be recognized by Eastern publishers generally if put before them in the proper light; that the secretary is directed to have copies of this resolution sent to the metropolitan press.

J. E. URR, Secretary.

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One newspaper publishes the letter with the remark that "The most conspicuous object of report and comment which Nebraska has furnished to the country within the past year was a candidate for the presidency who might be described as 'highly sensational,' and who has certainly been dealt with at great length. We fear that the business men of Omaha who make frequent trips to the East resort to journals which confuse highly sensational news with news of general interest." I can speak for one paper only in the city, the Mail and Express. It has given uniformly fair treatment to Nebraska, as I think Mr. S. H. Burnham of Lincoln and other Nebraskans who have been here recently can testify. Such men as General Manderson, E. Rosewater, ex-Congressman McShane, etc., have been permitted to speak of Nebraska in the columns of the Mail and Express, and I can assure the readers of The Courier that any Lincolnite or any Nebraskan who comes to New York with something interesting to say about the state will be given an opportunity to say it in that paper's columns.

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Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been temporarily eclipsed by certain preachers of destructive tendencies. A few of the gentlemen of the cloth have succeeded in jumping on the Bible with more vehemence and effect than the great agnostic could ever achieve. A great many chapters of what has been commonly supposed to be Holy Writ have been shown to be only mediæval mediocre literary compositions and obvious interpolations. Another Lyman Abbott is still preaching. It is pretty hard to have the preachers come in and occupy Ingersoll's field just as he had determined to give up his law business and devote himself entirely to lecturing. There are others who do a better job.

W. MORTON SMITH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1897.

The second floor of the Harris block, 1134 N street, has been fitted up for a dancing hall. The floor has received the attention of experts. It is of hard wood, and the boards are laid parallel with the length of the hall. Parties desiring to rest it can do so at the Courier office, in the same block.

How Longhead got rid of the picture his wife painted.



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Sutton & Hollowbush have invented a cough drop. They call it the S. & H., Sutton & Hollowbush, and it is a good one. Stop and get one on your way to the theatre. It will save you a spasm of coughing.